FRANK H. SPEARMAN Correspondent 1900, by Frank H. 55 51 55 55 55 55 55 55 55 55 55 58 58 58

Married Batter

It is on add sort at a yarm too, be-

Here, for Bestimes, the prestrains watch it delictors whether have range

and Francis took the cutty old our real-ing into Denvice with the phase shotseled, the panet bill-acced, the large term ed and a tire spring on one of the Five Nine's drivers, how many bend-

Our end of the mory never went to not deemed well, counting to the get ting up of the control report. We could have raised their bale, they could have niesi our salaries, but they didn't; we

mbenuter took there is not the only flow between Chlorico and Denver. There are others, I admit it. But there is only one time, all the same, there could have token the McWilliams Speelal, as we did, out of Chicago at 4 in the wienlog and put it in Denver tons

A communication cause from a great a Salle street lumber to the president of our road, Next the second vice president heard of it, but in this way; Why have you turned down Peter McWilliams' request for a special to Denver this affections in asked the

"He wants too much," came back over the private wire "We can't do

After satisfying himself on this point the president called up La Salle street, "Our folks say, Mr. McWilliams, we simply can't do it."

You must do it."

"When will the car be ready?" "At 3 o'dlook"

"When must it be in Denyery" "Ten o'clock tomorrow morning."
The president nearly jumped the

"McWilliams, you're crary. What on

The talk came back so low that the

wires hardly caught it. There were seensional outforests such as, "Situation is extremely critical," "Grave dan-ger," "Acute distrem," "Must help me out." But none of this would ever have

moved the president had not Peter McWilliam's been a birger man than most corporations, and a personal request from Peter, it he stuck for it, could hardly be refused, and for this he most decidedly stuck.

"I tell you it will turn us upside down," stormed the proddent,
"Do you recollect," asked Peter Me-

Williams, "when your infernal old pot



of a road was busted eight years ago-You were furned inside out then, weren't you?"

The president did recollect, could not decently help recollecting. ment bonds.

fore supposed that a railroad belongs and Lincoln threw her into our hands

becomes to the 10 the stockholders? Not so. It beshorter that louds to men like Mr. McWilliams, never wore who own it when they need it. At fold him of the littler times they let the stockholders

MeWilliams | corry it-mult they want it ugoin. We'll do what we can. Peter," repited the president, desperately amin-

I am miving you only so inkling of McVillagas is how it started, not a word as to how consulters orders were issued and countiess scholules were canceled, not a paragraph about numberless trains giundoned in toro and numberless othcause one part of it never got to head ers pulled and handed and held and quarters, and another part of it cover annuled. The McWilliams Special in a twinkle tore a great system into great aplinters.

It set master mechanics by the ears and made reckless fabrillers of previously conservative trainmen. It made unitring enemies of rival superintend ents and incipient pareties of Jofly train dispatchers. It shivered us from end to end and stem to stern, but it covered 1.026 miles of the best steel in the world in rather better than twenty

hours and a blaze of glory, "My word is out," said the president in his message to all superintendents thirty minutes later. "You will get your division schedule in a few moments. Send no reasons for inability to make it. Simply deliver the goods With your time report, which comes by Dy. M. S., I want the name and rec ord of every member of every train erew and every engine crew that hands the McWilliams car." Then followed particular injunctions of secrecy.
Above all, the newspapers must not get it.

But where newspapers are secrecy In spite of the most elaborate precauflows to preserve Peter McWilliams secret-would you believe if 5-the evening papers had half a column, practically the whole thing. Of course they had to guess at some of it, but for a newspaper story It was pretty correct, ust the same. They had to a minute the time of the start from Chicago and hinted broadly that the schedule was a hair raiser, something to make preious very fast records previous very slow records. And-here in a scoop was the secret-the train was to convey a prominent Chicago capitalist to bedside of his dying son, Philip McWilliams, in Denver, Further, that nourly bulletins were being wired to the distressed father and that every effort of science would be put forth to seep the unhappy boy alive until his father could reach Denver on the special. Lastly, it was hoped by all the evening papers (to fill out the half first column scars that suprise would see the auxious parent well, on toward the

gateway of the Rockles.
Of course the morning papers from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the stery repeated scarc headed, in factand the public were laughing at our people's dogged refusal to confirm the report or to be interviewed at all on the subject. The papers had the story anyway. What did they care for our efforts to screen a private distress which insisted on so paralyzing a time enrd for 1,026 miles?

When our own, the west end of the schedule, came over the wires there was a universal, a vociferous, kick. Dispatchers, superintendent of motive power, train master, everybody, protested. We were given about seven ours to cover 400 miles-the fastest percentage, by the way, on the whole

"This may be grief for young Me-Williams and for his dad," grumbled the chief dispatcher that evening as he cribbed the press dispatches going over the wires about the special, "but he grief is not theirs alone

Then he made a protest to Chicago. What the answer was none but himself ever knew. It came personal, and he took it personally, but the manner n which he went to work clearing track and making a card for the Me-Williams Special showed better speed than the train itself ever attempted and he kicked no more.

After all the row it seems incredible out they never got ready to leave Chirago till 4 o'clock, and when the Me-Williams Special lit into our train sysem it was like dropping a mountain ion into a bunch of steers

Freights and extras, local passenger trains even, were used to being side tracked, but when it came to laying out the fliers and (I whisper this) the White Mail and the Manila express the ell began to sizzle in the journal boxes. The freight business, the passenger traffic, the mail schedules of a whole railway system were actually knocked by the McWilliams Special into a encked hat.

From the minute it cleared Western avenue it was the only thing talked weren't you? And hung up to dry, of. Divisional headquarters and car ink shantles alike were bursting with He excitement.

On the West End we had all night to And he recollected how, about that prepare, and at 5 o'clock next morning same time. Peter McWilliams had one every man in the operating department week taken up for him a matter of was on edge. At precisely 3:58 a. m. two millions floating with a personal the McWilliams Special stuck its nose check and carried it eighteen months lute our division, and Foley-pulled off without security when money could No. 1 with the 403-was heading her not be had in Wall street on govern. dizzy for McCloud. Already the Mc-Williams had made up thirty-one min-Do you that is, have you hereto utes on the one hour delay in Chicago.

Are not our cool at all on the End. And on the track on I say a making case to provide and the awaytest, springion had maker the Biograph blocks, workeled him steel. tala Ce verser maples with a cavasithe cuts and look at notherly at all but. The Five-Nine-for that matter any his watch.

We made it 5:50 a. m., Central time; the nules, 150; the minutes, 121. The run them light they have a facilit 136 miles the fastest on the whole 1,026. Everybody in town yelled exfelt into his own piece.

While Foley melted his weed George Sinclair stepped out of the supering Georgie whistled for Scarboro June-tendent's office—he was done in a fion and 180 miles and two waters in black silk shirt, with a blue four-in hand streaming over his front-stepped out to shake hands with Foley as one hostler got the 466 out of the way and another backed down with a new skyscraper, the 500.

But nobody paid much attention to all this. The mob had swarmed around the ratty, old, blind eyed baggage car which, with an ordinary way car, constituted the McWilliams Special.

"Now, what does a man with Me-Williams' money want to travel spe-cial in an old photograph gallery fike that for?" asked Andy Cameron, who was the least bit buffed because he hadn't been marked up for the run himself. "You better take him in a cup of hot coffee, Sinkers," suggested Andy to the lunch counter boy. "You might get a ten dollar bill if the old man isn't feeling too badly. What do you hear from Denver, Neighbor?" he asked, turping to the superintendent of motive power, "Is the boy holding

"I'm not worrying about the boy holding out; it's whether the Five-Nine will hold out."

"Aren't you going to change engines and crews at Arickaree?" "Not today," said Neighbor grimly,

"We haven't time." Just then Sinkers rushed at the bag-

gage car with a cup of hot coffee for Mr. McWilliams. Everybody, hoping to get a peep at the capitalist, made way. Sinkers climbed over the train chests which were lashed to the platforms and pounded on the door. He pounded hard, for he hoped and believed that there was something in it. But he might have pounded till his coffee froze for all the impression it made on the sleepy McWilliams.

"Hasn't the man trouble enough without tackling your chleory?" sang out Felix Kennedy, and the laugh so discouraged Sinkers that he gave over

and sneaked away.

At that moment the editor of the local paper came around the depot corner on the run. He was out for an in terview and, as usual, just a trifle late, However, he insisted on boarding the baggage car to tender his sympathy to McWilliams.

The barricades bothered bim, but be mounted them all and began an emergency pound on the forbidding bline door. Imagine his feelings when the door was gently opened by a sad eyed man, who opened the ball by shoving a rifle as big as a pinch bar under the

editorial nose.
"My grief, Mr. McWilliams," protested the interviewer in a trembling voice, "don't imagine I want to hold you up. Our citizens are all peaceable"-

"Get out!"

"Why, man, I'm not even asking for a subscription. I simply went to ten"-"Get out!" snapped the man with the gun, and in a foam the newsman climbed down. A curious crowd gathered close to hear an editorial version of the Ten Commandments revised on the spur of the moment. Felix Kennedy said it was worth going miles to "That's the coldest deal I ever struck on the plains, boys," declared the editor. "Talk about your bereaved parents. If the boy doesn't have chill when that man reaches him I miss my guess. He acts to me as if he was afraid his grief would get away before he got to Denver."

Meantime Georgie Sinclair was to ing a silk handkerchief around his while Neighbor gave him part ing injunctions. As he put up his for to swing into the cab the boy looked for all the world like a lockey, toe in stirrup. Neighbor glanced at his watch.

"Can you make it by 11 o'clock?" he growled.

"Make what?"

"Denver." "Denver or the ditch, Neighbor," laughed Georgie, testing the air. "Are you right back there, Pat?" he called as Conductor Francis strode forward to compare the mountain time. "Right and tight, and I call it five

two-thirty now. What have you, Geor-"Five-two-thirty-two," answered Sinclair, leaning from the cab window.

'And we're ready." Then go?" cried Pat Francis, raising two fingers. "Go!" echoed Sinclair, and waved a

backward smile to the crowd as the pistons took the push and the escapes A roar went up. The little engineer | the McWilliams Special backed; backshook his cap, and with a flirting, snak- | cd away across the mendow, halted Ing silde the McWilliams Special drew

slipping away between the shining the dead. Georgie was trying to warm rails for the Rockies. Just how McWilliams felt we had no | door of the baggage car opened, and a means of knowing, but we knew our hearts would not bent freely until his special should slide safely

and of "There nex, you fet still ing between the distressed mont and his unfortunate child.

From Mccloud to Ogalalla there is a good fat of twisting and slewing, but looking cust from Athens a marble History Colors, Kallerthe, Asia dropped between the rails might rell at a standard to the at the Mer clear into the Ogalalia yards. It is a Sand station water for 6 waters and sixty mile grade, the talkast of sing

To cover those sixty tailes in better of waits and lives, account at the junc-lice swinches, teer and erash through them off the ponces, and the Five Nine the yards and slide bissing and pant; breasted the Morgan divide, fretting

of the skywerapers are built to balance ten or a dozen sleepers, and when you the autres, that the minutes, 121 the resting their mees into the track. A real miles the fastest on the whole modest up grads just about counters this tendency, but on a simp and a stiff clip and no tall to speak of you tolorers and, not getting one handly, feel as if the drivers were going to buck up on the pontes every awhite. However, they sever do, and

tion and 180 miles and two waters in

A tremendous array shooting through

198 minutes out of McCloud, and, look ing happy, cussed Mr. McWilliams a little and gave her another hatful of steam.

It is getting down a bill, like the hills of the Matraback valley, at such a pace that pounds the track out of shape. The Five Nuce birched at the curves like a misd woman, shook free with very fury, and if the baggage ear had not been fairly loaded down with the grief of Mc Widiams it must have jumped the rails a dozen times in a

many minutes. Indeed the fireman—it was Jerry MacElroy-twisting and shifting between the tender and the furnace, looked for the first time grave and stole a questioning glance from the steam gauge toward Georgie.

But yet he didn't expect to see the boy, his face set ahead and down the track, scraighten so suddenly up, sink in the lever and close at the instant on the nir. Jerry felt her stumble under his feet-caught up like a girl in a skipping rope and, grabbing a brace, looked, like a wise stoker, for his answer out of his window. There far shead it rose in hat curling clouds of smoke down among the alfalfa meadows and over the sweep of willows along the Mattaback river. The Matta back bridge was on fire, with the Mc Williams Special on one side and Denver on the other.

Jerry MacElroy yelled. The enginee didn't even look around, only whistled an alarm back to Pat Francis, cased her down the grade a bit, like a mar reflecting, and watched the smoke and flames that rose to bar the McWilliams Special out of Denver,

The Five-Nine skimmed across the meadows without a break and pulled up a hundred, feet from the burning bridge. It was an old Howe truss and snapped like popcorn as the flames bit into the rotten shed.

Pat Francis and his brakeman ran forward. Across the river they could see half a dozen section men chasing wildly about throwing impotent buckets of water on the burning truss.

"We're up against it, Georgie," cried rancis. "Not if we can get across before the

bridge tumbles luto the river," returned Sinclair "You don't mean you'd try it?" "Would I? Wouldn't I? You know

the orders. That bridge is good for an hour yet. Pat, if you're game I'll run "Holy smoke," mused Pat Francis

who would have run the river without

any bridge at all if so ordered. "They told us to deliver the goods, didn't they?" "We might as well be starting, Pat." suggested Jerry MacElroy, who depre cated losing good time. "There'll be

plenty of time to talk after we get into Denver or the Mattelerele" "Think quick, Pat." ugged Sinchair

His safety was popping murder, "Back her up, then, and let her go!" cried Francis. "I'd just as lief have that baggage car at the bottom of the

river as on my hands any longer!" There was some sharp tooting: then and screamed hard enough to wake the section men. At that histant the

sharp featured young man peered out. "What's the row? What's all this screeching about, conductor?" he nakover the last of the 266 miles which ed as Francis passed.

"Bridge burning ahead there."

"Bridge burning?" he cried, boking ervously forward. "Well, that's a deal? What you going to do about it?" True H. Are you McWilliams?"

"McWilliams? I wish I was for just one minute, I'm one of his ciertes." "Where is he?"

"I left him on La Saile street yes terday afternoon."

"What's your name?" "Just plain Ferguson."

"Well, Ferguson, it's none of my business, but as long as we're going to put you into Denver or into the river in about a minute I'm curious to know what the biszes you're hustling

along this way for." "Me? I've got \$1,200,000 in gold coln In this car for the Sierra Leone Na-tional bank-that's all. Didn't you know that five big banks there closed their doors yesterday? Worst paule in the United States. That's what I'm here for and five huskies with me eating and sleeping in this enr," continued Ferguson, looking ahead. "You're not going to tackle that bridge, are

you?" "We are and right off. If there's any of your huskies want to drop out, now's their chance," said Pat Francis as Sinclair slowed up for his run.

Ferguson called his men. The five, with their rifles, came cautiously for-

"Hoys," said Ferguson briefly. "there's a bridge aftre ahead. These guys are going to try to run it. It's not in your contract, that kind of a chance. Do you want to get off? I stay with the specie, myself. You can do exactly as you please. Murray, what do you say?" he asked, addressing the leader of the force, who appear-

ed to weigh about 260.
"What do I say?" echoed Murray. with decision, as he looked for a soft place to alight alongside the truck. "I sny I'll drop out right here. I don't mind train robbers, but I don't tackle a burning bridge—not if I know it." and be jumped off,
"Well, Peaters," asked Ferguson of

the second man coolly, "do you want to

"Me?" echood Peaters, looking ahead at the mass of flame leaping upward. "Me stay? Well, not in a thousand years. You can have my gun, Mr. Per guson, and send my check to 439 Mil wankee avenue, if you please. Gentlemen, good day." And off went Penters.

And off went every last man of the valorous detectives except one lame fellow, who said he would just as lief be dead as alive anyway and declared he would stay with Ferguson and die Sinclair, thinking he might never get

another chance, was whistling sharply for orders. Francis, breathless with the news, ran forward.

"Coin? How much? Twelve hundred thousand. Whew!" cried Sinclair. "Swing up, Pat. We're off."

The Five-Nine gathered berself with n spring. Even the engineer's heart qualled as they got headway. He knew his business, and he knew that if only the ralls hadn't buckled they were perfeetly safe, for the heavy truss would stand a lot of burning before giving way under a swiftly moving train. Only, as they flew nearer, the blaze rolling up in dense volume looked horribly threatening. After all, it was foothardy, and he felt it, but he was past the stopping now, and he pulled the choker to the limit. It seemed as if she never covered steel so fast. Under the head she new had the crackling bridge was less than five hundred, four hundred, three hundred, two hun dred feet, and there was no longer time to think. With a stare, Sinelai shut eff. He wanted no push or pull on the track. The McWilliams Special was just a tremendous arrow, shooting through a truss of fire and half a dozen speechles) men on either side of the river waiting for the entastrophe.

Jerry MacElroy croached low under 'r immoed from bi and stood with a hand on the throttle and a hand on the air, the glass crashing around his head like half. A blast of flery air and flying einders burned and choked him. The englue, alive with danger, flew like a great maskey along the writing steel So quick, so black, so hot the blast and so terrific the leap, she stuck her nos Into clean air before the men in the

cab could rise to it. There was a heave in the middle like lurch of a seasick steamer, and with it the Five-Nine got her naws on coot iron and solid ground, and the Mattaback and the blaze all except a dozen tongues which ficked the cab and the roof of the baggage car a minute, were behind. Georgie Sinclair, shaking the hot glass out of his hair. coked ahead through his frizzled eye lids and gave her a full head for the western bluffs of the valley; then look ed at his watch.

was the one hundred and nine tieth milepost just at her nose, and the dial read 8:55 to a second. There was an hour to the good and seventysix miles and a water to cover, but they were seventy-six of the prettiest miles under ballast anywhere, and the Five-Nine recled them off like a cylin-Seventy-nine minutes later

Sinclair whistled for the Denveryards. There was a tremendous commotion among the waiting engines. If there was one there were fifty big locome tives waiting to charivari the McWil flams Special. The wires had told the story in Denver long before, and as Five-Nine sailed ponderously up the gridleon every mogul, every con solidated, every ten wheeler, every hog, every switch bumper, every air e screamed an uprearious welcome to Georgie Sinclair and the skyscraper.

They had broken every record from McCloud to Denver, and all knew it, but as the McWilliams Special drew swiftly past every last man in the the British masseum. An early copy yards stared at her cracked, peeled, of the "Biblia Pauperum" was sold bilistered, baggard looks.

"What the deuce have you bit into? eried the deput master as the Vice. Nine awapt aplendistly up and coupod with her battered are hard on the depot clock.

"Mattriget beidge is burned. Had to crawl over on the stricture," at awered Smelair, counting up a clo

"Where's McWilliams Y "Back there sitting on his tatel.

While the crew west up to resimtwo hig four home tree's breked up to the largeste err, and is a minute of dozen mer were rollin; specie or the close, which was emitable in, an belogsquicker than in lour ore

Studals, MacDiesy and Perceic with his brakening were surrounded by crowd of railroad men. As they start answering questions a life present of Balling bunker with thick right cure his ever puried in toward the concompanied by the lame fellow, who had missed the chance of a lifetime to die rich, and by Ferguson, who less to'd the stary.

The banker shook hands with each one of the eraw. "You've saved us, boys. We needed it. There's a mob of 5,009 of the worst seared people in America clamoring at the doors, by the eternal, now we're fixed for every one of them. Come up to the bank. I want you to ride right up with

the coin, all of you,"

It was an uncommonly queer occa sion, but an uncommonly enthusiastle one. Fifty policemen made the escort and cleared the way for the trucks t pull up across the sidewalk so the porters could lug the kegs of gold into th bank before the very eyes of the ratfled depositors,

In an hour the run was broken. But when the four railroad men left the bank after all sorts of hugging by excited directors they carried not only the blessings of the officials, but each in his vest pocket a check, every one of which discounted the biggest voncher ever drawn on the West End for i month's pay, though I violate no confidence in stating that Georgie Sin clair's was bigger than any two of the others. And this is how it happens that there hangs in the directors' room of the Sierra Leone National a very creditable portrait of the kid engineer.

Resides paying tariff on the specie, the bank paid for a new cont of paint for the McWilliams Special from ca-boose to pilot. She was the last train across the Mattaback for two weeks

Professor Swallowed It All. The scholarly William E. Byerly, professor of mathematics at Harvard, once asked by a student how to develop a retentive memory. The professor answered that ordinary mental exercise was sufficient to secure a good memory, whereat the student Lot No asked if he might test the mental ca pacity of his instructor. Professor By-erly agreed, and the student asked him to listen to and remember sev-

eral varied items for a test. He be gan:

"One quart of whisky." "Um!" said the professor. "Six pounds of sugar, a pint of sour milk, three onlons, half a gallon of molasses and two raw eggs."
"Um!" said the professor.

"Two green apples, twenty-six peanuts, one and a half cucumbers and four minee ples."

"Um!" said the professor. "A package of starch, sixty-seven cakes of yeast and the skins of seven bananas. Got that down?"

"Yes," answered Dr. Bycriy. "How does it taste?" asked the stunt.-Boston Herald.

Clese Questioning. In recalling incidents connected with Virginia pelities some years ago a prominent Virginian recently related to a Washington man an account of an investigation of election frauds in the lower rection of the state. In the that the ballots in an important preeinet had not been sealed after the final count, thereby being exposed to fraudulent practices. The chairman of the investigating committee closely questioned the election judge as to why the prescribed duty of carefully securing the bullets had been nerfected

"Could you not obtain any muellage in the town? "Could you not procure some scaling

war-some shoemaker's wax, if noth 'No. sir."

"Well, then, sir, why didn't you go ant into the woods and get some resin? Do you mean to tell me that there vere no pine trees around there shed ding tears at Your infamous rascality?"-Washington Star.

The Bible of the Poor. The "Bible of the Poor" was one

the most interesting of the early block books, which were printed in Belgium In the fourteenth century, before the use of movable type, from blocks. The book consisted of forty leaves, printed on one side, making twenty when pasted together, and gave a pic torial representation of scenes from the life and passion of our Lord, with uitable inscriptions from holy writ in the abbreviated Latin of the period. The "Biblia Pauperum," as it called, was intended as an aid to devotion for the use of poor persons who could not afford to buy complete copies of the Bible. Originally the book is be lieved to have been specially designed for the poor friars, who found the pletures useful when they went about prenching, to illustrate their sermons and to rouse the interest of their con gregations. A righty illuminated MS, of the "Bible of the Poor," executed in the Netherlands about 1460, is kept in come yours ago for 245 guineau

That Tired Feeling Which is so disheartsning is often caused by poor, thin blood, result- 1 ing in defi-The blood needs to be enriched and vitalized; and or this there is no medicine in the world equal to

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The cures it has worked, the men, women, and children it has restored to health, are countless in number.

One such experience is as follows:

"I have used Ayer's Europardia in my family for years, and would not be without it. I used to suffer with boils and skin eruptions, attended with great lawsingle and exhaustion. In fact, I was so ill that I could not attend to my businers. Feing advised to try Ayer's Saraspardila. I did no, and I am house together the state of the results of the property of th and I am happy to my that the medicine restored me to perfect health. There since used Ayer's Sarangarilla for my children, in various complaints, and it has always proved effective. I can safely recommend it to anfferers as a true blood parifier."

There are many imitation Sarsaparillas.

Be sure you get "AYER'S."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lawrill, Mass., U. S. A. AYER'S FILLS, the best family laxative.

## BY AUTHORITY

NOTICE OF OPENING OF CER-TAIN LOTS OF PASTORAL-AG-RICULTURAL LAND, SITUATE AT KALAHEO, KAUAI, AND KNOWN 'AS "THE KALAHEO HOMESTEADS," FOR SETTLE-MENT.

Notice is hereby given that the land described in the following schedule will be open for applica-tions under Part VII, Land Act, 1895 (Right of Purchase Leases), between o'clock a, m, and 5 o'clock p, m, aturday, March 30th, 1907, at the office of the Sub-Agent of the Sixth Land District. Said office will be established for the above-stated day at the Kalaheo School House, Kalaheo Kanai.

SCHEDULE.

6.85 acres

Area. Appraised value.

\$34.25

9.40 9.40 .. 39 18.86 9.78 48.90 41 8.26 41.30 42 4.75 23.75 27.70 5,27 5.40 27.00 35.70 45.70 9.14 14.47 14.47 18.20 18.20 . . 36.45 7.29 26.65 9.30 18.60 12.42 24.84 6.60 6.60 4.65 4.65 7.15 7:15 11.10 11.10 23.05 23705 22.37 22.37 94.78 29.00 29,00 8.70 8.70 15.24 15.24 14.47 14,52 11.52 14.00 14.00 10.62 10.90 10.90 6.68 13,36 6.14 11.74 7.37 18,40 18.40 14.60 36,50 13.64 34.10 13.44 33.60 12.20 7.32 7.32 12.85 12.85 18.45 18.45 19.40 19.40

All applications for said lots are to e made in person by the applicant, at the office of Sub Agent, Sixth Land District.

Plans of the lots and full partieuars as to necessary qualifications of applicants' method of applying, etc., may be obtained at the office of E. G. K. Deverill, Sub Agent, Sixth Land District, Hanalel, Kaual, or at the Department of Public Lands, Judictary building, Honolulu.

JAS. W. PRATT. Commissioner of Public Lands. Henoluju, Oahu, T. H.,

February 27th, 1967. 1627 - Feb. 27; Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23, 29

